As an honour in thy cap, till I do challenge it.
Giue him the Crownes. Come Captaine *Flewellen*,
I muſt needs haue you friends.

Flew. By Ieſus, the fellowe hath mettall enough in his belly.
Harke you ſouldier, There is a filling for you,
And keepe your ſelfe out of brawles,
And prabbles, and diſſentions,
And looke you, it ſhall be the better for you.

Soul. Ile none of your money ſir, not I.

Flew. Why tis a good filling man:
Why ſhould you be queamiſh?
Your ſhooes are not ſo good.
It will ſerue you to mend your ſhooes.

Kin. What men of fort are taken vncklel?

Exe. *Charles* Duke of Orleance, Nephew to the King,
Iohn Duke of Burbon, and Lord *Bouchquall*.
Of other Lords and Barons, Knights and Squires,
Full fifteene hundred, beſides common men.
This note doth tell me of ten thouſand
French, that in the fielde lyes ſlaine.
Of Nobles bearing banners in the fielde,
Charles de le Brute, high Conſtanble of France,
Iaques of *Chatillian*, Admirall of France,
The maſter of the Croſſe-bowes, *Iohn* Duke *Alonſon*,
Lord *Rambieres*, high Maſter of France.
The braue ſir *Gwigzard*, Dolphin. Of *Nobelle Charillas*,
Gran *Prie* and *Roſſe*, *Fawconbridge* and *Foy*,
Gerard and *Verton*, *Vandemant* and *Leſtra*.

King. Heeres was a royall fellowſhip of death,
Where is the number of our Engliſh dead?

Exe. *Edward* the Duke of Yorke, the Earle of Suffolke,
Sir *Richard Ketly*, *Dauy Gam* Eſquire,
And of all the other, but fiue and twenty.

King. O God, thy arme was heere,
And vnto thee alone, aſcribe we praiſe:

When

When without ſtratage
And euen in ſhocke of b
So great and little loſſe,
Take it O God, for it is o

Exe. Tis wonderfull.

Kin. Come, let vs go
Let it be death proclaim
To boaſt heereof, or tak
Which is his due.

Flew. Is it lawfull, an
To tell how many is kil

Kin. Yes Flewellen,
But with this acknowle
That God fought for v

Flew. Yes in my conſc

kin. Let there be ſung
The dead with charity
Weel then to *Calice*, a
Where nere from *Franc*

Enter Gowe

Gower. But why do
Saint *Danies* is paſt?

Flew. There is occa
Looke you why, and
The other day looke y
Which you know is a
In the worell, is come
And brings bread and
Eate my Leeke: twas
Where I could mooue
But if I can ſee him, I
A little of my deſires.

Gow. Heere he come

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry V* (STC 22291) LONDON, 1608 [1619] UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURG